

Drifting.

In August when the sun shone over the wheat, standing in shocks in the quiet, pleasant fields. We, hand in hand, walked through the moon-day heat. Along the land to where the pond lay still, "Neath water-lilies floating at its will. And, while we walked and spoke of other days, In August, too, before my love and I had been made one, to walk through this world's way. As man and wife, until the end shall be, When life shall live itself eternally free. Her sister, speaking to her, softly said: "How far," she asked, "my Alice have you sailed? Life's problem? Well, I mind me, ere were we? Camille and you, you often thought it o'er, Fearful of darkness on the dusky shore. And, as we skirted the sweet, verdant shores, And drifted with the wind, spoke no words, My thoughtful wife, and the unmoved oars Caught in the branches of the hanging trees. Came from the land the murmuring hum of bees. "Life is no problem," said my wife, at last; "This our own wisdom makes us think it one; For we can read the future by the past. Has God not kept us? We are anchored here. Floating, yet anchored—lilies in a mere." MAURICE F. EGAN.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

THEIR DIFFERENT IDEAS AS TO THE GREAT END AND HAPPINESS OF MAN—THE GREAT FRANCISCAN REFORMATION—TWO FAMOUS MEDIEVAL SOCIETIES—THE MENDICANT FRIARS AND THE ORDER OF CHIVALRY—TRAITORS IN HIGH PLACES.

At the opening of a new church-school under the Franciscan Fathers, recently introduced in his diocese, the Archbishop of Sydney delivered the following singularly eloquent and instructive address on the spirit of the world and the spirit of the Church, as suggested by the reformation headed by St. Francis of Assisi. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Father Hanrahan told me the other day that he was going to open this school-church, the foundation-stone of which was laid by me some few months ago, and he asked me to bless the building and deliver an address. That I should consent to bless the building in the ordinary forms of the Church, will surprise nobody; but that I should so easily consent to deliver another address may possibly be considered by some as a remarkable instance, inasmuch as I seem to be continually talking, and putting forward my ideas and hammering at the same subject when it might be thought I had better keep quiet and hold my tongue, and let things take their course, according as the current happens to carry them. And I do not doubt that would be the wisest plan for me, and I should save myself a world of trouble by letting the boat be carried down the stream, instead of pulling with a steady will in a different direction. But, ladies and gentlemen, it is not my calling to sit idle in a boat, and content myself with watching its movements, my calling is exactly the reverse of this. I am a puller.

MY VOCATION IS TO WRITE AND TALK IN THE right direction—to take a big oar in each fist, and pull steadily and constantly as long as there is any pull left in me (Applause). The Council of Trent says that the *omnipotens verbum Episcoporum*—the chief duty of a bishop—is to preach, and I am but fulfilling that duty when I am using my tongue and pen, as it seems to me, for the good of my fellow man. Truth is exceedingly powerful, and it will prevail in the end, if it be the truth. Thus I account to you and to others for my readiness to give my services on these occasions; thus I explain to those who may think it remarkable that I talk so much—why I am so ready to speak to the world if it will only listen to me, and to preach the Gospel of the Christian Church (Applause). So far for prelude and apology. Now, what am I to speak about to-day? I will be in keeping with the occasion, and will be in keeping with the hour in which we live! I have been thinking this: here we are men and women, living in the nineteenth century; here is a school built by the Fathers of St. Francis, who draw their spirit from the thirteenth—here, on this spot.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND THIRTEENTH YEEL. unite and harmonize. I am referring, of course, to the Christian spirit of those centuries, which springs from the same divine source. Well, there is another point that strikes me, and it is this—that all men, in the highest conditions of civilization, hold up something before them as what is called, or has been called, the *summum bonum*—the supreme end of life; and the direction of the two great currents of human energy depends upon what it is men consider that *summum bonum* to be. I speak of two main currents because, from what I can draw from a wide view of the expense of history from the first till now, one thing seems perfectly evident—that the multifarious ends which men propose to themselves as worth living for, and to be lived for, can be summarized into two. And those two ends can be sufficiently expressed by saying that one vastness of humanity lives for itself, and its own *summum bonum*; and another vast masses live for something not itself—lives for God, and makes Him, not itself, the *summum bonum*. Draw a man out of the crowd composing the first mass, and compel him to tell the truth, and say what he lives for. He will declare to you, "I live to enjoy myself." Draw a man out of the second great assemblage of humanity, and ask him what he lives for—what is the end of life—and he will incontinently reply "I live to enjoy God."

THE ONE CROWD IS ON A MIGHTY RAFT, made with hands, and floating down the stream; the other is in the great Ark of salvation, toilsomely and laboriously working its way against the stream towards those everlasting hills upon whose summits the eternal light of Heaven plays continuously. I admit, of course, the existence of all the cross currents and eddies, and whirlpools, which create their confusions and reactions in the great activities of human life; yet still the main directions are but two—either with the stream or against, either in the direction of what I may call subjective enjoyment, or of objective worship—either in the direction of earth or of heaven. (Applause.) Now, we can trace the action of these two ten-

dencies all down the ages, and in the history of every people. Confining myself to the history of the world since the time of Christ, we find these two tendencies embodied in two great powers which, representing opposite and antagonistic principles, have ever been in struggle. I refer, speaking broadly—as one must on a very broad subject—to the Church and "the world," such as meant by the Scriptures. "The world" of the Gospel is the embodiment of the principle of self-enjoyment; "the Church" embodies, and has ever embodied, the principle of enjoying that which is not self, the enjoyment of self's Creator, of God Almighty, as the *summum bonum*. Again, since world and Church are in vigorous contact, and are engaged day and night, in an interminable war, it follows that each must be affected in its members by the other.

THE CHURCH HERSELF IS NOT COMPOSED OF ANGELS fighting in celestial invulnerable armour. She is not made up of men screened with a Divine shield, covering them against bruises and wounds. Just the reverse. She is composed, so far as she is visible to mortal eye, of men and women, with the same root of pride, passion, and self-love as springs in the hearts of those who are champions of "the world." She has no promise that her children, her spokesmen, or her soldiers shall never die in the battle, or prevaricate or turn traitors in the field. Indeed, that they should thus be has been foretold by Divine lips, and is proved, alas! in every century of the world to be but too true. There were scandals in the Upper-room, scandals amongst the Twelve, and there have been such, from the highest to the lowest, and will be to the end. But whilst this is the case, the Church abides; and, shaking from herself the dust of battle, proceeds conquering, and to conquer, all down the ages. Man may fall, she will not fail. (Applause.)

HER HIGHEST AND HER TRUEST MAY DESERT HER and turn against her; but since she is supported by the ever-lasting Arms, and not by individuals, however able, she outlasts them all, and does her work without them. (Applause.) In substance and in principle the same living entity that she was at the Day of Pentecost and in the Middle Ages, she is now in this glare of the nineteenth century. The principle of her being, that which makes her specially what she is, and not something else, is, and has been always, one, namely, the principle of *verbum caritas*, of making the enjoyment of God the *summum bonum* of existence. To this principle the Spirit of God Himself has kept her steady; indeed, it is but the expression of His truth and His wisdom, as manifested in a society of which He Himself is the vital energy, and the only source of an imperishable life. Babylon may fall, and imperial, eternal Rome may decay—

Quench'd is the golden statue's ray; The breath of heaven hath swept away, What tolling earth hath piled; What bettering will becometh hand As breezes strew on ocean's strand The fabrics of a child?

(Applause.) But whilst this is the case with the highest of human creations, THIS ONE IMPERIAL, SPIRITUAL KINGDOM HOLDS HER OWN, and remains in her place though the abiding presence of an influence which cannot be quenched, for one simple and solid reason—because it is divine. It is not for me, ladies and gentlemen, to insult your understandings by bringing proof before you of the fickleness and insecurity of human institutions at this time of day; the pages of history are strewn with the wrecks of more truly, the pages of history are the records of their rise, their maturity, and their fall, following one upon the other with such persistence as to produce, in the reader, a sense of dreariness and monotony—a feeling that all the highest creations of men are born, like himself, to decay. Amidst all this change—as if placed in stability in order to be the measure of instability—the Church has remained all down the ages—and, from all I can see, seems likely to remain—in her place of power. (Applause.) Even those who have never belonged to this great society of Christians look upon it as a TRAITOR IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. And we, whilst we admit the peculiarity of the human element belonging to her, cannot but perceive that the Church has done a work resembling the work of no other society on earth. Draper, the most violent and partial of her most open opponents, is compelled to acknowledge the immense use she has been to the human family. He says—he is, in spite of himself, forced to say, whilst summing up the Church's work in the Middle Ages, that through her action "the idea of an ultimate accountability for personal deeds, of perception, became intense and precise, the sentiment of universal charity was exemplified not only in individual acts, the remembrance of which soon passes away, but in the more permanent institutions of establishments for the relief of affliction, the spread of knowledge, the propagation of truth. Of the great ecclesiastical societies, many had risen from the humblest straits of society; and THESE MEN, TRUE TO THEIR DEMOCRATIC INSTINCTS, were often found to be the inflexible supporters of right against might. Eventually coming to be the depositaries of the knowledge that had existed, they opposed intellect to brute force, in many instances successful, and by the example of the organization of the Church, which was essentially republican, they showed how representative systems may be introduced into the State. Nor was it over communities and nations the Church displayed her chief power. Never in the world before was there such a system. From her central seat at Rome, her all-seeing eye, like that of Providence itself, could equally take in a hemisphere at a glance, or examine the private life of any individual. Her boundless influence enveloped kings in their palaces, and relieved the beggar at the monastery gate. In all Europe there was not a man too obscure, too insignificant, too desolate for her. Surrounded by her solemnities every one received his name at her altar; her bells chimed at his marriage, her knell tolled at his funeral. She extorted from him the secrets of his heart, and punished his faults by her penances. In his hour of sickness and trouble, her servants sought him out, teaching him, by her ex-

plains to enjoy themselves. Perhaps there is no age of the world so full of violent contrasts as what are called, and are well called, "the ages of faith," such violence, wickedness, Moorish, and rapine; such prevarication, atheism and infidelity on the one hand, and such gentleness, heroism, humility, charity, self-abatement, such ardent worship and unflinching faith, upon the other. The fierce cry of St. Bernard and others against the abuses of ecclesiastics, of itself shows how vigorous a life the Church was living. The principle of living to enjoy God, expressed itself in more startling manifestations than it has ever done since those days of spiritual ferment, and the very action of an evil spirit in high or holy places created an opposing force, the strong energies of which, for example, in the Order of St. Francis are manifesting themselves this very day and in this very place.

TWO GREAT SOCIETIES WERE RAISED UP to check the evil of the middle ages, namely, the Order of Chivalry and the Order of Mendicants—societies of laymen who, to become exponents of the true faith, were first and foremost men of the world, who, associated themselves together in Orders of holy knighthood; and societies of clergy who, entering into a high and holy pact to renounce all human things, emancipated themselves to the exclusive service of religion. These two orders filled the world of the thirteenth century. They represented the reaction of "Live to enjoy God," against that of "Live to enjoy yourself."

THE ORDERS OF CHIVALRY WERE AS THE SALT OF THE LAY WORLD. No doubt had men could be found amongst them; but I am speaking of the Order, and in that sense, they represent a splendid protest on the part of the laity against the dominant vices and imperfections of their day. Take one instance, for example, of their spirit of mortification. James de Vitry speaks of one in a company of knights as being so severe upon himself, so mortified in his food, so frequent in his vigils and fastings that the slightest shock would throw him from his horse. His brethren in arms used to call him Mr. Bread-and-water. His companions, whenever he fell from horseback, most charitably picked him up; fill, at last, he got so tired of such life, that he sought to put an end to it by shooting himself. "Seigneur Pain-et-eau, prenez garde a vous; car si vous vous laissez choir de cheval, je vous abandonne." Mr. Bread-and-water, now mind yourself, for if you let yourself tumble off again, I shall shoot you to your fate. (Laughter.) The story of De Vitry's thought it has, of course, its ridiculous side, speaks volumes with regard to the principle I am insisting on. "Seigneur Pain-et-eau" however extravagant he may be in his austerities proves one thing, that the Order of Chivalry aimed at the highest of life, and that it was a life of enjoyment the one end of life. Now as the Orders of Chivalry represent the reaction against the world's *summum bonum* amongst the laity.

AND ESPECIALLY that of St. Francis of Assisi, represent its reaction round the altar. The parents of St. Francis, according to Cellano, whose life of him I read years ago with great delight in the "Bollandists," were well-to-do middle-class people of Assisi. His father was a merchant, and looked well after the main chance. Neither he nor his wife, however, seem to have troubled themselves much about the training, moral or otherwise, of their son. This neglect soon began to bear its fruits. Francis, it appears remained at home till five-and-twenty years of age, and up to that time, lived a dissipated, noisy, rollicking life. He came the last of fashion amongst the young exquisites of Assisi; and possessing lively parts and great vivacity, being a capital singer, and having a good digestion, he lived as fast a life as it was possible for a young man in his position to live. In dress and in his talk, and in his whole bearing, he seemed to be about the best exponent of the reaction round the altar of the world, of its *summum bonum*, "Live to enjoy yourself." Suddenly, when five-and-twenty years of age, in the middle of all this dissipation, he was struck down by a terrible sickness. During this period a complete revolution was wrought in his mind. The *summum bonum* of the world of the Church had taken possession of him. This is the most expeditious way of expressing the great change produced during his sickness. When he was just able to walk with the help of crutches he crawled to the door, and looked out on the world spread beneath his feet, he became conscious of the great change that came over his whole moral and spiritual being. The *summum bonum* had changed. He now despised what before had been his one attraction. The world was as a dried up leaf—a broken, faded flower. When well he had retired into a lonely crypt, and pondered over his mental condition, and the principles which now, for the first time, seem to have presented themselves to him in all their force. He determined to dedicate himself wholly to the service of religion. He sold his horse and his fine clothes, and for a whole month, lived solitary, in a dark cavern or pit, where he prayed to God, and did extreme penance for his life of dissipation. When he came forth, so changed was he, the people of the town thought he had gone mad, and hunted him with shouts and yells, and pelted him with mud and stones. He minded them not. He renounced his patrimony, and had but one burning desire that devoured him like a fire full of hungry flame, the desire of enjoying God, and making all others enjoy him too. Francis was raised up, I say, PURPOSELY TO RESTORE TO THE ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE OF MANY.

that which had been lost, and to rekindle amongst the Christian society, both lay and cleric, that fire of affection which had suffered greatly through the pressure of the world. It is almost miraculous what one man can do who is thoroughly detached and completely in earnest, especially when he is filled with that spirit of God which is the animating principle of the saints. So far as I have read, I have never met anything equal to his life of intense love for God, or equal to his simplicity, and vehemence of heart and of affection. All he saw and all he touched seemed to be filled with the one supreme influence which he possessed him. He went preaching

bare foot, through the towns and villages of Italy. A poor idiot first joined him, then Agidius, then Philip and four others. They often beheld him carried up in ecstasy. Many joined him. He founded an Order based on poverty, humility, and wonderful simplicity. As we are told, the great object of these men's lives upon the world at large was such as seemed almost to change the very face of society. His love for Christ was vehement and consuming. He could not steadily pronounce the Holy Name and the intensity of his devotion to the Passion of our Lord was witnessed by the imprint on his emaciated body of the marks of our Lord's own wounds. Not only men, but beasts of the field and the birds of the air were controlled by him. The power of the *summum bonum* which now possessed him, seems to have given him an influence such as may suppose Adam to have had over the brute creation before the fall. He would preach to the birds of the air, who seemed attentive to his voice; and the swallows, who were building their nests and twittering round his cell seemed to be obedient to his command.

His most touching prayer shows his spirit better than any words of mine:—"O most high Almighty, good Lord God, to Thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing. Praised be Thy Lord God, with all his creatures, and especially our brother, the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendor; O Lord, he signifies to us Thee! Praised be our Lord for our sister, the moon, and for the stars, the which He has set clear and lovely in the heavens. Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for the air and clouds, calm and all weather, by which Thou upholdest in life all creatures. Praised be my Lord for our sister the water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious and clean. Praised be my Lord for our brother the fire, through whom Thou givest light in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong. Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, which doth sustain us and keeps us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass. Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for His love's sake and who endure weakness and tribulation. Blessed are those who patiently shall endure, for Thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown. Praised be my Lord for our sister the death of the body; from whom no man escapeth. Wee to him who dieth in mortal sin! Blessed are those who are found walking by Thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to hurt them. Praised be, and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks to Him, and serve Him with great humility." Within a few years this most remarkable man collected together into his Order, that is, by the year 1219, over five thousand brothers of his world.

THEIR HEROIC LIVES OF PRAYER, PENANCE, HUMILITY, and love brought new salt upon the earth. Thirty-five years later, there were 800 convents and at least 20,000 religious belonging to the Order; a century later there were nearly a million, whilst at this moment while I speak there are 40,000 persons in France belonging to the Third Order alone (Applause). Now, I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, if the spirit of St. Francis would not be a good thing to encourage in this nineteenth century? The world is the world still. Its one *summum bonum* is "Enjoy thyself." St. Francis still cries out, "Enjoy thyself." He has come here to New South Wales from a far distant land to sustain this great principle of the *summum bonum*. Are there any men worth noticing who an object to this (hear, hear)? Do we not all love truth, and duty, and justice, and the great love of God above all things? Yes, even the most perverse cannot deny the existence of, though he may shut his eyes to the light of day. The worst and wickedest is constrained to admit that the fashion of his world soon passes away, and its *summum bonum* ends with his health. The only way to be attained; whilst the love, the supreme love of our Master only then begins in its true intensity when things created have run their course, and the flashing gates have been opened to the true believer. May St. Francis—Franciscan *propter et humilis*—may he dwell with us, so being acquainted with those sweet words, "Enjoy thyself, and enjoy thyself."

THE FACT OF JUDAS BEING ONE OF THE TWELVE does not even tend to prove that the doctrines of that sacred college were doctrines of traitors and murderers. It simply shows that evil—the blackest and basest evil, can be found in the highest and holiest places; and that in spite of grace and the very presence of the Redeemer, free will may blacken the human heart. (Applause.) So was it in the days preceding the days of St. Francis of Assisi. The Church required some strong influence to rid her of the unworthy elements which were clinging to her life. I will quote the words of eye-witnesses who were filled with indignation at what they saw to show you what I mean. "St. Bernard exclaimed, in his day—"Infant church, heedless boys, are promoted to ecclesiastical dignities for their gentle blood, and pass from under the feralia to the government of the Church, sometimes thinking more of the emancipation from their parents, than of the duties of their office; they are invested; better pleased to have escaped another." Thirty years later Peter and Blois writes—"O empty glory, O blind ambition, O miserable thirst after earthly honors, O that desire of dignity, that worm that gnaws the heart, that ruin of the soul! Whence has the scorable presumption which has our ex-which it excites the unworthy to aim at dignities—men whose eagerness in pursuit is proportionate to their unfitness for office? Through every avenue, without concern for body or soul, these unhappy churchmen insist on the *summum bonum* fling themselves upon the pastoral chair, which has become for them an enormous seat, and for all a source of perdition." I might quote Cardinal de Vitry, Godfrey of Troy, and above all, Elinand, to show you that THERE WERE TRAITORS IN THE CAMP, AS WELL AS ENEMIES IN THE FIELD, and that many of those whose very profession it was to insist on the *summum bonum* in the Christian, insisted, at all events, in the practice of their lives, on the *summum bonum* of the world. They turned from living to enjoy God to living and making use of their position as ecclesiastics to enjoy themselves. Perhaps there is no age of the world so full of violent contrasts as what are called, and are well called, "the ages of faith," such violence, wickedness, Moorish, and rapine; such prevarication, atheism and infidelity on the one hand, and such gentleness, heroism, humility, charity, self-abatement, such ardent worship and unflinching faith, upon the other. The fierce cry of St. Bernard and others against the abuses of ecclesiastics, of itself shows how vigorous a life the Church was living. The principle of living to enjoy God, expressed itself in more startling manifestations than it has ever done since those days of spiritual ferment, and the very action of an evil spirit in high or holy places created an opposing force, the strong energies of which, for example, in the Order of St. Francis are manifesting themselves this very day and in this very place.

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SPEECH OF HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

The following is the full text of an address by His Holiness to the French pilgrims, recently delivered:

We are rejoiced, my dear children, to see you again reunited before us, and to hear again resounding your professions of devotion to the Church, your attachment to this apostolic see, and the Roman Pontiff. How could we be otherwise than pleased at, or do otherwise than give the highest praise to, the pious thoughts and noble sentiments which each year urge you to come hither to the tomb of the glorious apostles and the splendid shrines of the Eternal City? Your edifying pilgrimages. We cherish the consoling hope, will confirm your faith and your courage, giving you piety a new vigor. They are at the same time a worthy example to propose for the imitation of all Catholic nations. In time of trouble, indeed, souls find and feel the necessity of multiplying the exterior manifestations of their faith, and their close union with the Supreme Pastor charged by God to enlighten them, to instruct them, and to guide them through the obscurity and the storms of life. You know, dearly beloved children, how grave and full of difficulty at present is the condition of the Holy Church and of all civil society. The Immaculate Spouse of Jesus Christ is regarded as the most dangerous enemy of humanity, and hence she is fought a *vitiosa* and pursued to the bitter end. Every thing is dared to undermine her salutary influence over private life as well as public; and people bring themselves to destroy her pious institutions, of which the long experience of ages has never ceased to demonstrate the usefulness and to place on record the benefits. As for the fatal consequences of this war, civil society finds itself face to face with the most serious dangers; for, the foundations of public order being overturned, both peoples and kings see nothing before them but omens and misfortunes. But how could it be otherwise!

NATIONS CANNOT ESCAPE RUIN when the families and cities which compose them are made up only of new generations brought up in the forgetfulness of God and deprived of the restraint of religion, the only means capable of mastering the passions and the unhealthy conceits of man. To escape these awful perils it is necessary, dearly beloved children, that all Catholics should unite themselves in prayer, and in the courageous defence of the supreme interests of religion and of society. A vast field is open to their zeal and their devotion; the Christian education of youth, the manifold working classes, the reinvigoration by legal means of Catholic rights, despised and trampled under foot, the diffusion of sound learning which unmarks false science—the source of unbelief and moral corruption—these are the objects on which the activity of all devoted souls should be exerted. Truth, Religion, Christian Virtue, are the blessings which make up THE COMMON PATRIMONY OF ALL THE FAITHFUL.

These blessings ought to be dear and precious to everybody. Treasures and taken care of, they will be the source of all great and noble purposes. Scattered and lost, they will render defence difficult and compromise success. You have recognized, dearly beloved sons, these needs and duties; and it is precisely to act up to them in the best possible way that, under the wise direction of your pastor, you very intently zeal. France, that noble nation which is our delight at all times to name the oldest daughter of the Church, preserves in her heart, by the grace of God, the rich treasures of virtue, generosity and faith. Her illustrious episcopate, in protecting the great interests of religion and the salvation of souls, display with one and wonderful accord a solicitude which nothing checks or discourages. And you yourselves, very dear sons, and as many others who unite with you, hold in honor, as become Christians, to profess about what abuses in your love, your fidelity to the Church; and you love to affirm those sentiments at all times without being deterred by THE SACRIFICES WHICH THIS FAITH AND THIS CHARITY ENTAIL.

upon you. It is upon these great qualities, especially, and on the devotion of France, that we base our hopes for your dear country. Providence has always committed to France the defence of the Church, and when France has been seen to acquit herself faithfully of this noble mission, Providence was not slow to recompense her for it by an increase of glory and prosperity. We pray, therefore, with earnestness, that the France of today will, by her religious faith, be worthy of the France of the past, and may continue faithful to her great traditions. That will be the way for her to attain true greatness. Sorrowful experience has, alas! proved into what abuses nations fall when they permit themselves to be led away from and to discard the Church, the tenderest mother and the surest defence of peoples. Meanwhile, dearly beloved sons, that your course may be strengthened, We place you under the mantle and special protection of St. Michael, prince of the celestial army, and of St. Joseph, chaste spouse of the Blessed Virgin; and we pray the Lord that to place upon your foreheads the richest crowns. It is with this intention that We bless you with all Our heart. May this benediction accompany you to your homes, and be come, by the goodness of God, an abundant source of grace for you, your families, and for all France.

Reader, have you tried every known remedy for Chronic Disease, Impure Blood, disordered Liver or Kidneys, Nervous and General Debility, Constipation of the Bowels, and the manifold suffering pertaining thereto? Have you given up in despair? Try Burdock Blood Bitters; it will not fail you. A Trial Bottle only costs 10 cents, Regular size \$1.00. Any druggist or medicine man supply you.

THE LATE LADY BLANCHE MURPHY

The following letter, written from Florence, appears in a late number of *The Paragon*:—"Love, like death, levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre." Thus, many notices that have come to us of Lady Blanche Murphy's death, but few have recorded the fact but with a certain sympathy implied or expressed in regard to her unambitious marriage and change of social position thereby. For from personal acquaintance with Mr. Murphy and his wife, I am assured that her marriage was one of entire happiness, and that their modest cottage among the White Mountains of New Hampshire was a "home" in the highest sense of that most beautiful word of our English language. Many summer travellers among those regions before the door of their humble dwelling to admire the singular grace and skill with which vines and plants are trained and distributed about the pretty porch and garden. They had but recently purchased quite taste, and though very inexpensive in all respects, it conveyed the charm of comfort, and even elegance, inseparable from the abode of persons of refinement and culture.

Mr. Murphy was as much esteemed among the people of North Conway as was his accomplished wife. He gave less, wrote music, and she aided its efforts for their mutual support by her admirable contributions to the best periodicals of the day. Everything she sent was readily accepted and well paid. She was a passionate lover of nature, and at all seasons in her letters spoke in raptures of the wild and picturesque region that surrounded her, and of how possessed him. He went preaching

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